THEY NEVER CHANGE.

The moon an' the women is jest the same
Sence ol' Bill Shakspeare's times.
The moon as round and the girls as strainge
As when Bill wrote his rhymes.
I've read in one whole endurin' lot
Of stuff by men of fame—
I've read 'em all—an' I tell you what,
The girls is jest the same.

There was Byron, Dryden, an' Alex Pope,
An' honest Thomas Moore,
They sung of girls an' of blasted hope,
An' by the moon they swore.
The girls are the same as Robby Burns
Sang in a sad refrain—
The more man studies 'em, less he learns,
For such research is in vain.

The moon an' the women they make no change,
As poets sing to-day;
The moon's as round, an' the girls as strainge,
An' that's the mournful lay.
The moon goes on, jest as calm an' bright,
As round the world she whirls—
They swear by the moon in the dreary night,
An' swear about the girls.
—Baltimore American.

The City Swell

WHEN Milly Ranscome returned from a six months' visit to the city she was accompanied by Harry Lawrence, a tall, slim young man, clad in clothes of the newest fashion and wearing upon his light curls a shining silk hat, a fatal thing to do in the little, narrow-minded town of Groton. "A city swell" he was at once pronounced, and no type can express the ineffable scorn with which these words were uttered.

Milly's father, an old-fashioned, stubborn man, looked at the newcomer and his clothes and then with a grunt of disapproval left the room to stable the horse. At supper Mr. Ranscome talked of nothing but farming and seemed rather pleased at the ignorance of his guest on the subject.

Harry Lawrence, however, was too deeply in love with the pretty face opposite him to resent it or even notice it. He told Milly's father that he intended stopping in the village for a few days.

"WOULD YOU SAY NO?"

"Don't ye work?" asked the old man sharply.

"Not in summer. I teach chemistry in the university, you know. It does not open until September." The old man grunted again, and poor Milly's cheeks grew redder, and she proposed a walk.

The news of the new arrival had spread through the village like wildfire, and every window they passed seemed to frame a pair of prying eyes. Some few who passed them even snickered audibly, and Milly was in distress.

She looked at his hands and realized suddenly that they were whiter than her own, his hat and his shoes shone like mirrors and a ruler could not be straighter than the crease in his light trousers.

She might have known how country people would take these things. Poor Milly, she liked him very much, and she wanted everyone else to like him, so that it was a very uncomfortable little girl who crept between the sheets that night.

The next few days were hard ones for her. Her girl friends laughed when they passed Milly and Harry, and more than once she heard someone say:

"Just out of a bandbox" and "mamma's boy."

And all the time she knew that she loved him.

One evening they started for a drive behind the old family horse. "Don't let him run away with you," called Mr. Ranscome, as they ambled out of the barn. Lawrence laughed good naturedly. "I guess I can hold him in."

The moon, round and mellow, rose slowly and lighted the leafy road for them, the breath of new-mown hay came to them in the soft breeze and the crickets chirped blithely.

"Milly, I have to go back in a couple of days, and I want to ask you a question first. Can you guess what it is?" He laid his hand upon hers gently and she looked up at him. His soul was in his eyes.

"Don't ask it," she said quickly.

"Do you mean you would say no?" he asked, and she noted the pain in his voice.

"Oh, here is the village," she said, and he turned away.

They passed the tiny shop and the watering trough and then they noticed a group of people outside the only saloon in the place. An ugly-looking man stood on the sidewalk, and a pale little woman was beside him, trying to induce him to come home.

The man was the village drunkard, whose temper was of such repute that no one ever interfered with him or crossed his purposes.

The constable had once attempted to arrest him, but after two weeks in a hospital he had seen the futility of his efforts.

The Ranscome buggy was just opposite the saloon when the woman put her hand on the man's arm and tried to turn him homewards. With an oath the man struck her and she fell to the ground. Not a man in the crowd moved, but suddenly the drunkard felt himself lifted off his feet and shaken until his teeth chattered.

"You brute," was hissed in his ear, and he was sharply pulled to his feet. The hand which had held his collar now moved down to his arm and felt like a vise.

"Pick her up and take her home," said a stern voice, and when the man, sobered by the attack, looked around at his assailant, he faced the flashing eyes of "the city swell."

Something in the set of the square jaw and the numb feeling which possessed the arm which the young man still grasped cowed the bully, and he walked along with his wife without a word.

Harry Lawrence settled his tall hat on his head again, wiped his hands daintily and turned toward the carriage. An old man left the group of silent spectators and held out his hand to him. It was Mr. Ranscome.

"Fine evenin', Mr. Lawrence," he said.

Harry showed all his white teeth in a smile while he shook the man's hand heartily. "Isn't it fine? Never saw better. Good-evening," and he gathered the reins again and drove on.

When they had left the village Milly stole a look at him. His face seemed sad and his thoughts were far away.

"Are you still thinking about that man?" she asked gently.

"No," he replied.

"What are you thinking about that makes you so——" she stopped, startled at her own temerity.

"I am thinking how I shall get along without you." Milly gasped. "I had buoyed myself up with the hope that you cared for me, a little anyway, but when to-night I asked you——"

"You didn't ask me anything," came the demure interruption.

The young man looked at the blushing, downcast face beside him, and felt a rush of new life within him. When they returned from the drive a diamond flashed on the third finger of Milly Ranscome's hand, and she had promised to marry the city swell.—Indianapolis Sun.

MENTAL CAPACITY OF A 'CHICK.'

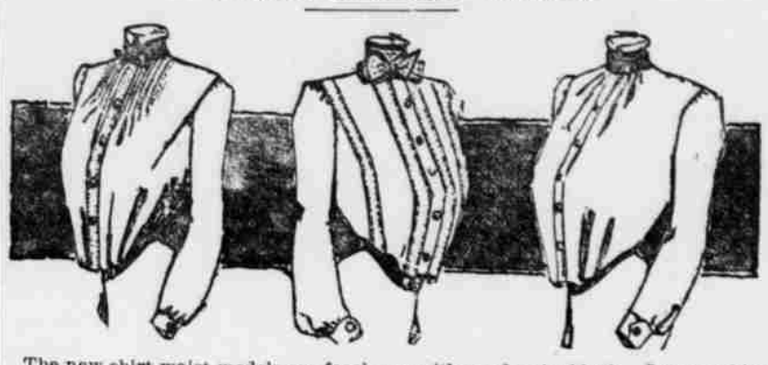
They Learn Readily to Do Those Actions Which Bring Food and Ease.

In 1896 I made a great many experiments with young chicks, testing their ability to learn a variety of performances, such as getting out of a box by pecking at a certain spot on a door or by jumping upon a little platform or by pulling down a string with their necks, escaping from a pen by going up a ladder or following an intricate path through a maze, etc., writes Prof. Edward J. Thorndyke, of Columbia University, in the International Monthly. They learn readily to abandon those acts which bring discomfort and to emphasize those which are successful in securing them food, shelter, warmth and the companionship of their fellows.

Their learning, like that of the fishes, is essentially a process of selection. For instance, a chick is confined in a cage from which it can escape only by pecking at a certain spot, and so opening the door. It sees other chicks and food outside and reacts to the situation (confinement) according to its inborn organization, by running about, peeping, jumping at the walls, trying to squeeze through any small openings and pecking at the barriers confining it. The chick feels a score or more of impulses to a score or more of acts. If its reaction include one particular act—namely, a peck at a certain spot—it of course escapes. This one act is followed by freedom, food and general comfort. The other acts resulted only in a continuance of the unpleasant solitary confinement.

If, after the chick has enjoyed freedom for awhile, we put it into the cage again we have a repetition of the first event, except that the chick is likely to run and peep and jump and squeeze less and to peck at the door sooner. If we continue this process, so that the chick is again and again confronted by the situation—"confinement in a box of such and such appearance"—it constantly decreases the useless acts and performs the suitable one sooner and sooner, until finally it pecks at the spot immediately whenever put into that box. It has learned, we say, to get out of the box by pecking at a certain spot.

BE-STITCHED SHIRT WAISTS.



The new shirt-waist models are fascinating indeed. White seems to take the lead and the combination of black and white comes next in popularity. The most marked change in the new models is the great amount of stitching used and the large buttons down the front. The stitched waists have a tailor-made effect and are bound to be popular. One especially pretty one was made of rather coarse white linen, having four 2-inch box plaits down the front, stitched on either edge in black. Large white pearl buttons down the front and on the cuffs and stock of black and white dotted taffeta. Belt of black velvet ribbon. Another stunning model has wide inverted plaits on each shoulder, covering the gatherings in the top of sleeve. Five small stitched tucks, either side of the front at the neck, give the fullness to the front. Stock of black satin ribbon with white linen turnover.

NEW YORK SOCIETY QUEEN.

Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the Leader of the Smart Set.

If you don't know Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, of New York, you aren't anybody. That is the dictum of smart society in the metropolis, for Mrs. Gibson is its uncrowned queen. Not to be able to quote Mrs. Gibson's latest witticism, not to be acquainted with her gowns, not to have been invited to her last tea—all these speak badly for the woman who aspires to social distinction.

MRS. GIBSON.

Mrs. Gibson, whose husband is the well-known artist and illustrator and the creator of the "Gibson girl," is credited with having one of the finest figures in Gotham. She has a beautiful voice, inferior only to that of Melba, and possesses a charming manner. Like many other successful society women she is a Southerner and as Irene Langhorne was a famous belle in Richmond, Va. When she married, her husband was a struggling artist, and for a time in New York she declined many invitations on the ground that she could not afford to accept them. She is said to be the only woman who ever refused an invitation to dine at the Astor table. But now her husband is famous and growing wealthy and she has made her way to the top of the social ladder. Mrs. Gibson is related to many of the wealthy families of New York.

Gypsy Methods of Communication.

The ancient road-signs of the Romany, the "patteran," takes the place of signboards or maps. The "patteran" is a little, carefully arranged pile of sticks, grass or stones, placed at cross-roads, where none but a gypsy would notice it any more than any one but a Romany could read it; but to him it is as plain as the noonday sun, and by it—a succession of such wayside tokens—one family or company can follow others who may be days ahead of them for hundreds of miles.

Though the Gypsy has uses for other methods of communication besides the mysterious "patteran," he is not a letter-writer. He rightly cares first for his own immediate family circle; the closest "in-laws" do not travel together unless perfectly congenial or unless it is convenient for them to do so, and as the roving life is not conducive to letter-writing, even the nearest relatives do not usually hear from each other directly more than once or twice a year at most.

In the city livery stables and pawnbrokers' shops opportunities are afforded for the exchange of news, but for those who roam in small groups and rarely strike a large city or the great bureaus of information, summer camping-grounds, where all the gossip of the year is retailed, communication of personal family news is uncertain.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

He Was Not a Socialist.

There is a curious little restaurant in Ann street, where clerks and office boys and peddlers discuss business and politics over their frugal luncheon. A few days ago the collision in the New York Central tunnel was under discussion, and a young Irish peddler was advocating public ownership of railways, while a law clerk was defending private ownership.

Finally, at a loss for answer to a statement made by the Irishman, the clerk retorted:

"Oh, you are a socialist."

"Sure an' I'm not," replied the Irishman indignantly; "I'm a workingman."—New York Post.

Mormons in Germany.

The 2,000 Mormons in Germany are total abstainers from alcohol, coffee, tea and worldly amusements.

When you go anywhere by railroad, and expect some one to meet you at the station, and no one does, ever notice how funny you feel?

A political pull is often a great strain on the candidate's leg.

ATROCITIES IN NEW GUINEA.

M. Rouyer, a survivor of the massacre of a French scientific mission by cannibals at Sileraka, New Guinea, on Jan. 1, in describing the horrible occurrence, relates that the yacht Salvanti, with the mission on board, had anchored off the coast of New Guinea, and that several of the explorers landed. After an apparently friendly reception from the natives the latter treacherously attacked them during the night, murdering thirty-two of the party, including Baron Villars, Count de Saint Romy and MM. Hagenbeck and Vries, and wounding thirty-three, including M. Rouyer, the chief of the mission, and another Frenchman named Reimer.

M. Rouyer writes:

"We were all sleeping peacefully when there was a great uproar and we were attacked by hundreds of natives carrying torches. Several of us were felled to the ground with clubs, hatchets and spears. Others were overpowered, carried away and bound to trees. I was among this number. I received a blow on the head from a club and fainted. When I recovered consciousness at 5 o'clock in the morning I found myself tied hand and foot and surrounded by savages, who, believing me to be dead, were keeping me for themselves. I saw the body of Baron Villars near me, bound to a tree. His body was naked, his head had been split open, and his eyes had been gouged out. The Count de Saint Remy had been decapitated and his head stuck on the end of a spear as a trophy. M. Hagenbeck was spitted on a bamboo and was being roasted over a fire.

THE SCENE OF HORRORS.

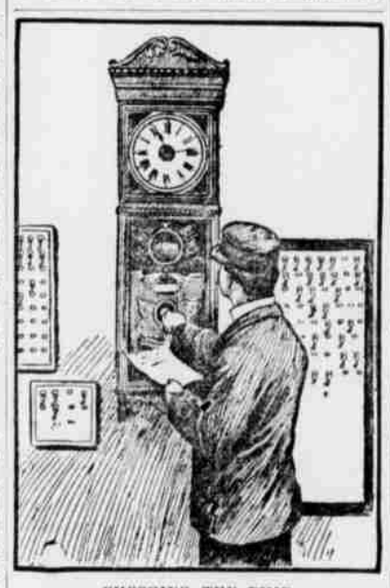
"I waited my fate. I was afraid to move. My head hurt me dreadfully. All around me the ground was strewn with corpses. Suddenly a great clamor arose, followed by a fusillade. I opened my eyes and saw Dr. Fortier and the remainder of the mission from the yacht firing on the cannibals. I shouted and the rescuers ran to me and cut the bonds which bound me to the tree. Th canniabls fled, leaving many dead. The clothes of M. Vries were found, but his body was missing. He had evidently been devoured by the savages during the night."

TIME CHECK ON POSTAL CLERKS.

Every Employe in the Postoffice Must Contribute to His Own Record.

"Remember the Bundy" is the watchword in the big postoffices, and Uncle Sam's gray-coated men are in constant dread lest they forget to "ring in" or "ring out."

About a year ago the United States Postoffice Department at Washington, D. C., conceived the idea of procuring a clock to keep a correct record of the arrival and departure of all employes in that branch of the service all over the United States, which resulted in the supplying of all postoffices of importance with the now famous clocks at a cost of over $100 each. The Bundy clock is a large affair, having three strong mainsprings and an intricate time-recording apparatus. Two of the springs work the clock and the other is the power of the striking part, for



CHECKING THE TIME.

the Bundy strikes off the time the clerks and carriers report on and off duty, not like other clocks that only strike the hours and half hours of the day. It is a complicated affair and many a poor hard-worked clerk and carrier will verify the statement, for it has cost some of them much of their hard-earned and small salary.

The Bundy is worked as follows: When the office opens for business at 6 o'clock in the morning the clock is the first thing attended to. The three dating keys are used, and the date and hour, 6 a. m., is imprinted on the tape; then the employes each take their key and "ring in" their arrival. Each employe has his own number and that number is on his key. He is not allowed to use another's key or "ring in" or out any fellow clerk or carrier, under penalty of dismissal from the service. The letter carriers have four keys, the first being used when he reports for the day at 6:30 a. m. When he goes out on his first trip he takes down his next key, which is the key bearing the letter "L," and "rings out" and leaves the office. On his return he immediately on entering the office "rings in" his arrival, the key bearing the letter "R," and after he has performed his office work and it is time for him to take his "lay off" or "swing" for an hour or two, a carrier not being allowed to work more than eight hours per day, he uses the key bearing the letter "E," meaning end of duty. As each key is "rung in" the clock registers the time to a fraction of a minute.

Letter carriers are allowed by law to work only eight hours, and when a carrier has worked over that time, if only for one minute, intentionally or unintentionally, he must pay the penalty, which is usually suspension from one to three days without pay, for Uncle Sam is a very strict master in the postoffice and the Bundy never lies. There are penalties for failure to ring the clock on arrival and departure, for all employes, from the heads of the various departments to the porters. Letter carriers are suspended from one to fifteen days, according to how many prior convictions there may be recorded against them in the record book. Clerks suffer for their mistakes by being fined from one day's salary up, as the case may be, as prior convictions also count against the clerks.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

How the Obnoxious Bird Was Brought to This Country.

Two old residents of Germantown took advantage of a delightful day to saunter up Germantown avenue, stopping now and then at the different places of historic interest along the avenue. They spent some of the time at the old Ship house, telling each other about the ancient structure, and as to how the ship came to be placed there, when their attention was attracted by myriads of sparrows that congregated up on the roof.

"Ah! That reminds me," said the elder of the two, "of the old John Bardsley house and the story of how the sparrow came to Germantown."

Walking up the avenue farther they came to a halt in front of a little white painted two-story house at the northwest corner of Upsal street and Germantown avenue. For over an hour the two old men lingered in front of this "old house," and the following story was told:

The house was occupied for a number of years by the late John Bardsley, better known as "Sparrow Jack." During the time that William F. Smith represented the Twenty-second Ward in Councils he presented an ordinance appropriating $300 with which to purchase English sparrows to destroy the measuring worms that had become a nuisance in the city squares. John Bardsley, an Englishman, but for many years a resident of Germantown, was delegated to go to England to secure the sparrows. Being familiar with the English birds, he had no trouble in catching them in nets. He secured between 300 and 400. On his way over from England, one-half the sparrows died, but enough existed to insure a rapid increase of the little pests, which have since become more troublesome than the worms.

Bardsley was always an enthusiastic admirer of the sparrows, and to show his love for them he fed them regularly during the winter months, and had a number of fantastically constructed boxes, surmounted with weathervanes and ornaments, for their use. He always reproved any one who interfered with or abused the sparrow.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Had Given It Up.

"The priest was here the day," said Mrs. Lannigan to her husband, as the two sat down to supper. "He said he was hoping you nor your brother Tim would go to hear that walking delegate that's making speeches all around the town."

"Sure, and Ol'd no intintions to go," said Mr. Lannigan, his utterance clogged by a biscuit.

"He said," proceeded the wife, impatiently, "that the man indoolged too much in hyperbole. What is that, Arthur?"

Mr. Lannigan looked at her reprovingly, and paused in the middle of another biscuit.

"Ol'm a timperance man these eight years," he said, loftily, "and if you are wishful to know what annything of that koind is, Mary Ann, it's from some wan else besides me you'll have to get your information. Ol'm amazed at ye, woman!"

No Cripples in China.

There are no deformed or crippled Chinamen. If a child is born deformed it is at once made away with. You may travel all over China and never see a maimed native. When a serious accident befalls one of them he is likewise put to death. This is part of their religion, to which they adhere closely.

May's Girl Friends.

"May says she's afraid he is going to marry her for her money."

"Poor thing! She must have been looking in the mirror."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Say that again," said a girl to-day to a man who had complimented her tremendously, "and I'll make you marry me."

When you slip and fall, of course you have remarked how foolish you feel.

AN ESKIMO NURSE-MAID.

Brought to the United States by Wife of Explorer Peary.

Biography is a department of literature which does not usually appeal to readers at the Mother Goose age. Nevertheless, the biography of Miss Marie Ahnighito Peary, by her mother, is that of a tot for tots; and the pleasure afforded their elders is merely incidental.

Little Miss Peary, born within the arctic circle as the long night was drawing on, was called the "snow baby" by her Eskimo friends, who were not satisfied until they had touched the warm skin of the newcomer that her whiteness was not that of an actual snow image. One of them, a little girl of twelve, called Billy-Bah, afterward became her nurse-maid, and returned with the Peary family to spend a year amid the wonders of civilization.

The first of these was the ship; and it was on board the vessel that she learned to submit to—although never to approve—the incomprehensible requirement of her employers, that so should bathe and brush her hair every day. Se had never had a bath before.

The next was the railway station—an "igloo" so palatial that it was difficult to induce her to leave it, especially as she distrusted that appalling new draft-animal, the locomotive. She inquired anxiously if it ate people; and when the train began to move she sat rigid, with bulging eyes, clutching the back of the seat in front of her as the landscape flew at miraculous speed past the windows.

To eat and sleep at regular times was something quite new; so it was to have put things away in special places. It took sad experience to teach her that playthings left trustfully anywhere on the sidewalks of Washington could not be found again on the same spot when wanted.

Billy-Bah's first Christmas celebration was a great event, but ignorant as she was, she met it in the true Christmas spirit, for she was so delighted with little Marie Ahnighito's presents and her joy in them that she scarcely noticed her own. It was not till after bedtime that Mrs. Peary, seeing a light burning late and peeping into her room to see if anything was amiss, found her seated on the floor among her many gifts, only just awakened to the rapture of possessing them.

Billy-Bah went back to her own people at the year's end. When Marie Ahnighito was four she, too, returned north with her parents for a season and saw her faithful nursemaid once more. She had found Billy-Bah, then aged fifteen, a married lady and a person of consequence, whose husband was proud of his traveled spouse and her superior accomplishments as a seamstress and housekeeper.

But alas! Rejoicing in "all the comforts of a home" of her own, Billy-Bah had decisively discarded the discomforts of a civilized toilet; the sponge, the towel and the hair-brush knew her no more; they had become mere memories of foreign travel, like the telegraph and the locomotive.

Tramp Mourners.

Tramps everywhere are wont to prize their boots above every other part of their wardrobe, says Josiah Flynt in "Tramping with Tramps." In St. Petersburg, at least, there is good reason, although a strange one.

The agencies which manage funerals recruit from the tramp class a certain number of mourners for each funeral.

The agencies furnish suitable clothes and pocket handkerchiefs—everything, in fact, but the shoes, which the tramp must be able to show on his feet, or he will not be hired.

When there is a funeral the tramps gather at the Nikolski Market, and are selected by an employe of the agency. Those chosen are conducted to the house of the deceased, and there, in a shed, or even in the court, ten to thirty of them, according to the elaborateness of the funeral, undress themselves entirely, even in the dead of winter, and put on the mourner's garb. Their own clothing is rolled up in a bundle and taken to the cemetery in a basket, where, after the ceremony, it must be put on again.

The promised wage for this service is forty copecks a man; but with tips it usually amounts to a ruble.

A Monastery of Nobles.

Buried in the thickly wooded fastnesses of Austrian Styria is the ancient monastery of Sekkau, famous for its history, and remarkable because of the rank of most of its inmates. In this interesting place every monk is a member of the nobility, and several of them bear names famous in German history. The two fathers of the community act as cooks, and are Prince Edward of Schonburg-Hartenstein and Prince Philip of Hohenlohe, both of whom were prominent in court circles. The porter is one of the highest nobles of the Grand Duchy of Baden, Baron von Drais; and others engaged in the most servile work of the monastery are Baron von Salis, Baron von Oer, and Count Hemptinne, all of whom were high officers in the Saxon army.

It Was So.

He—Your hat looks very well with that wing in it.

She—Yes, but it would look better with two wings.

He—Oh! that's just a matter of a pinion.—Philadelphia Press.

Just What He Wanted.

Frank—What! You going to propose to Miss Heartburn? Why, you're the last man in the world she'll engage herself to!

Harry—I hope so, old fellow.—Stray Stories.

Opportunity takes a mean advantage of most people by going around disguised.